

I am once again calling on the International Ice Hockey Federation in their meeting in Finland to consider this matter at the top of their agenda and to suspend their plans to hold the Federation Championship in Belarus in 2014.

There are many other countries around the world more than anxious to join them and make this a championship well deserving with a host country that is one we can be proud of.

My feelings about this are not alone. The European Union recently widened sanctions against Lukashenko and his cronies. Lukashenko promptly recalled his Belarusian representative to the EU, after which EU Ambassadors were withdrawn from Belarus.

After a summit in Brussels earlier this month, Lukashenko—never at a loss for words—criticized the European Union politicians and railed on the German Foreign Minister Guido Westerwelle, the first openly gay minister in Germany. President Lukashenko said:

It is better to be a dictator than gay.

That is a quote. He went on to say:

Belarusians deserve to host the World Championship in 2014 in Belarus.

That is incredible. What sports organization wants to validate those comments?

I want to close by saying, I hope the International Ice Hockey Federation's Annual Congress will make the right decision in May. I hope its corporate sponsors will feel a little uneasy being associated with Dictator Lukashenko and his policies in Belarus. I hope they will suspend the 2014 Championship unless the political prisoners are at least released and that other international sporting groups, such as the International Cycling Union, follow their example.

I want the United States, in partnership with the European Union, to continue to place pressure on Lukashenko to open his political system and to stand by the Belarusian people in their efforts to bring justice to their country.

REMEMBERING JUDGE WILLIAM HIBBLER

Mr. DURBIN. I wish to pay tribute to a great man and a great judge who passed away unexpectedly earlier this month. Judge William Hibbler had served with distinction as a Federal district court judge in the Northern District of Illinois since 1999. Bill Hibbler cared so deeply about Chicago that it sometimes surprised people to learn that he actually started life in a small town in Alabama.

His family moved to Chicago when he was a child. He graduated from St. Mel High School on the West Side and later from the University of Illinois at Chicago. He worked as a substitute teacher in the Chicago public school system to help pay his tuition at DePaul University School of Law. He started his

legal career in private practice but soon felt the call of public service so he went to work as an assistant State's attorney in Cook County.

In 1986, he became an associate judge of the Cook County Circuit Court, and he served in that capacity for 13 years, until he joined the Federal bench. Judge Hibbler was active in community service throughout his career. He was a mentor to many young people.

During his confirmation hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee, I noted that some judges have an unfortunate tendency to look down on the people who come before them once they put on the judges' black robes, and I asked Judge Hibbler what type of temperament he would bring to the Federal bench. His answer said so much about the kind of man Bill Hibbler was and about his values. He said, "The opportunity to serve is a wonderful opportunity, and we should never forget that."

Judge Hibbler died on March 19. He was 65 years old. The esteem in which he was held is evident in comments by other judges and by lawyers who appeared before him.

Chief Judge Jim Holderman of the Northern District praised Judge Hibbler as "an outstanding jurist who cared deeply about our system of justice and displayed an unparalleled sense of fairness." Thomas Bruton, clerk of the U.S. District Court for the Northern District of Illinois, said: "Judge Hibbler was a friend to everyone who met him. He was gracious, kind and a mentor to many in this court."

U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald said, "He was a wonderful judge and wonderful person, who treated everyone who appeared before him with great respect." His friend, 7th Circuit Court of Appeals Judge Anne Claire Williams, said that Judge Hibbler "wasn't what you would call a man of many words, but each day, in his own quiet way, he made a difference in the world."

I am proud to have joined then-Senator Carol Moseley-Braun in urging President Clinton to nominate Judge Hibbler to the Federal bench 13 years ago. His many years of distinguished service on the Federal bench only deepened my respect for him. William Hibbler loved the law, and he loved justice. He also loved his family very deeply, and I wish to offer my sincere condolences to his wife Regina, his son William, and his daughter Aviv. We are grateful for the service that their husband and father provided to the Chicago community, and we will miss him.

TRIBUTE TO MR. LEONARD GILLIAM

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, today I wish to pay tribute to a true American hero who honorably answered the call to serve his country in its dire time of need, Mr. Leonard Gilliam of Laurel County, KY.

Mr. Gilliam was born in McWhorter, KY, in 1919. The 92-year-old has had an incredible life on this Earth thus far. Leonard was a country boy who had lived on his family farm his entire life. He was the first boy from McWhorter to get the call from the U.S. Army in 1941; he was 21 years old.

The newly enlisted men, along with Gilliam, headed to basic training in Fort Thomas, KY. Gilliam was trained in artillery; during training he learned how to man a tank gun. After training ended he was transferred to Fort Benning, GA, where he would reside until December of 1941. The attack on Pearl Harbor led to the declaration of war, which for Gilliam would mean being deployed to the front.

The young Leonard Gilliam knew that going to war would be difficult, and his bringing up had prepared him to face the difficult road ahead. He had spent his childhood working on the farm and walking through fields and creeks, to and from the Twin Branch School, every day. But what the eager Gilliam did not foresee was the opportunities he would be presented with during his time in the service. A chance to see the world and forge a lifelong friendship were not in the then 21-year-old's plans back then.

His much needed experience with tanks landed him a spot on the front lines, and Gilliam entered the war in Casablanca, North Africa. He traveled through Algeria, Morocco, and Tunisia before heading towards Europe. Gilliam was called to invade the island of Sicily on July 10, 1942. He was later awarded the Bronze Arrowhead for his courageous actions during the invasion.

Gilliam spent time in Sicily guarding POWs. He remembers eating with them, talking with them, and even giving them cigarettes. Looking back, he says that the prisoners were some of the finest people he has ever met. He stayed at the prison in Sicily until he was called to go to Normandy. He arrived in France a mere 4 days after the invasion of the beach on June 6, 1944.

The hardships experienced by Gilliam in France were some of the toughest times of the war for him. But in the midst of a dark shadow cast by war, Gilliam met Wayne McCoy, a fellow tank gunner who would soon become his best friend. The two friends helped each other see the end of the war, and then they lost track of each other once they had returned back to the States. It wasn't until 1997—53 years later—when the two would reunite. The two war buddies shared a deep bond, one that they continue to share to this day.

The veteran now recalls the warm welcome he received when he finally made his return trip home in 1945 after 3 years overseas. Mr. Gilliam is a modest man. He feels like he is undeserving of the hero's welcome he received after World War II. He believes that the real heroes were the ones that "stayed over there," the ones who made the ultimate sacrifice for their country and never got the chance to come home.

The former soldier now enjoys life as a full-time family man. He is a husband, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. Leonard is a remarkable man who has been on a once-in-a-lifetime adventure. Even after all that he has been through, both the good and the bad, he is still grateful he had opportunity. Although he says he wouldn't go on a trip around the world again for \$1 million, he doesn't regret getting to see the world for free the first time.

In November 2011, there was an article about Mr. Leonard Gilliam published in the Sentinel Echo Silver Edition, a magazine based in Laurel County, KY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that said article be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Sentinel Echo: Silver Edition, Nov. 2011]

WORLD WAR II: A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD
(By Carrie Dillard)

Leonard Gilliam remembers the days when he and his family "didn't have a cable bill, water bill or electric bill." The 92-year-old Laurel County native has lived on his family farm his whole life.

He was born in 1919 in McWhorter. It was a time when, he said, "everybody used a mule pair, everybody had a milk cow and some beef cattle, and everybody had their own hogs."

You worked hard, he said. Kept your house warm buying coal for \$1 a ton at the mines or a jug of kerosene for 10 cents a gallon. You cooked on a wood stove, and there were always chores to do.

He had to "go through the field and cross the creek twice" on his walk to Twin Branch School each day, so when he joined the U.S. Army in 1941, he was used to walking.

During the course of his military career, Gilliam would spend approximately three years overseas, engage in six major battles and one invasion. He would end his days in World War II in Berlin, Germany, during the Army occupation in July 1945.

Gilliam was drafted. "They didn't draft until (age) 21 in those days," he said. He was the first one in the McWhorter community who got the call.

"There was a busload of us left London early one morning," he said, on their way to Fort Thomas, Kentucky. In less than two days, a contingent from all across the state filled a train headed to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, for basic training.

Gilliam was trained in artillery. He would later man the tank gun, causing him to lose nearly all of his hearing.

He served in the 2nd Armored Division (Hells on Wheels) under division commander George S. Patton, who once said the 2nd Armored Division "could do the impossible" because he trained them.

Gilliam was at Fort Benning, Georgia, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor in 1941.

"They put more guards out, more security," he said, "as war was declared." Gilliam and his division began more practices and maneuvers, traveling back and forth from Georgia and North Carolina, until his deployment overseas. In total, Gilliam would serve six six-month tours overseas.

As a gunner, he said "the tanks were needed on the front" as soon as they arrived in Casablanca, North Africa. They traveled to Algeria, Morocco, and Tunisia, and on July

10, they invaded the island of Sicily, for which Gilliam was awarded a Bronze Arrowhead.

"Sicily was an interesting place," Gilliam said. It was there he worked as a security officer at an old penitentiary, guarding POWs. "I had a gun and they didn't, but they didn't give me any trouble," he said.

In fact, he said, once they got acquainted, the POWs were "some of the finest people I met."

He said he'd put his gun up and sit down to eat with the prisoners. They ate the same rations—MREs (meal, ready to eat) just as the soldiers did, and were even given cigarettes.

Gilliam said he and his fellow soldiers were put on a boat in Sicily and weren't told where they were headed.

"It looked like we was going to the United States," he said, "but we was going toward England."

They were on the water at Thanksgiving, and, shortly thereafter, landed in Liverpool.

The invasion of Normandy took place on June 6, 1944. Gilliam arrived just four days later.

Although he describes it as some of the roughest times in the war, it is also where he met a good friend: Wayne McCoy.

McCoy was five years younger than Gilliam, and took to him like a younger brother. Both Gilliam and McCoy were on tanks. Gilliam's was called "Crimson Tide," McCoy's "Churchill."

The two lost track of one another after the war, but reunited in 1997, more than 50 years later. Today, they "get together pretty often," Gilliam said, their families becoming like family to each other.

Gilliam said the Germans were smart, and without the combined effort of the U.S. Army and Air Force, they would not have succeeded in driving them back.

In September 1944, Gilliam crossed the Belgium border, but it wasn't an easy trek. He said it rained the whole way there and turned to snow; it was the coldest winter he'd ever felt.

The Battle of the Bulge was upon them. Standing in knee-deep snow, Gilliam said he and his fellow soldiers would fire their guns and huddle around the tank to keep warm. He was nearly overcome by the exhaust fumes from the machine just trying to get warm. Gilliam suffers from the effects of frostbite to this day.

For a time, Gilliam and his company stayed in a local farmer's barn. The owners, he said, knew of their presence, and he said the owners were overjoyed to help.

Without the protection of that barn, they likely "would have frozen to death," Gilliam said the group held up in that barn, sleeping in the hayloft, for three weeks until temperatures got warmer.

Gilliam said he remembers the faces of young children as they made the journey across France, Belgium, and Holland.

"The children were standing and waving at us. If we halted for some reason, they'd climb the tanks and hug everybody."

"The look on those little children's faces, you was glad to have done that for them," he said.

In April 1945, Gilliam said his outfit met the Russians on the Elbe River.

"For me, the war ended. I didn't fire another shot."

Gilliam said soldiers returning from World War II got a hero's welcome, but veterans of other wars, like the Korean War or Vietnam, did not receive the same respect. "Soldiers of the Korean War didn't get that welcome when they came home," he said. "They could've used a welcome home, too." But Gilliam has never considered himself a hero. Those are the ones who gave the ultimate sacrifice, he said. In 238 days of battle, the

2nd Armored Division suffered 7,348 casualties, including 1,160 killed in action.

"The heroes didn't come back. They're still there."

His older brother, Blane, was among them. Blane Gilliam, an Army radio operator who was serving in the Pacific, was killed in action/missing in action at age 30. Gilliam received word of his death around the time he reached Germany.

Following the war, Gilliam returned home and married Wilma George, who was 11 years his junior.

"Here I was a 25-year-old man, been around the world on a killing spree," he said. They were married for 61 years and had three children—Wanda, Coy and Linda. Today, Gilliam has three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. He is a member of Twin Branch Methodist Church.

"I wouldn't make that trip (again) for one million dollars," he said. "But I got to see the world (for free)."

TRIBUTES TO SENATOR BARBARA MIKULSKI

Ms. SNOWE. Mr. President, I rise today in light of last week's celebration here in the Senate, to recognize the truly historic and remarkable accomplishment of my good friend and colleague, Senator BARBARA MIKULSKI.

As we all know, Senator MIKULSKI just last week achieved another stunning milestone as she became the longest-serving woman in the history of the United States Congress, surpassing Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers. Of course, it was at the outset of this 112th Congress that Senator MIKULSKI overtook Maine's legendary Senator Margaret Chase Smith. To say it's been quite a Congress for the Gentle Lady from Maryland is the height of understatement indeed.

In the process of paying tribute to Senator MIKULSKI, I discovered some interesting information, namely that three out of the four longest serving women in the Congress were actually born in Maine—Congresswoman Rogers, Senator Smith, and myself as third longest serving woman in both the Senate and the House.

Senator Smith of course served Maine and Congresswoman Rogers represented the 5th District of Massachusetts. Both were Republicans, and both were born in Maine. And so, let me just say, as one who is privileged enough to fall into the same categories, on behalf of the great State of Maine which appears to produce women of tremendous endurance at both ends of the U.S. Capitol, we could not be more proud of the Senator from Maryland.

But the commonalities don't end there—far from it. In addition to the overlapping biographical information I just referenced, it is a point of tremendous pride that all three of us also placed the highest of premiums on serving those who have served our Nation by giving every fiber of their being to protect, defend, and secure our cherished freedoms—our courageous men and women in uniform and our veterans.

Born in Saco, ME, Edith Nourse Rogers authored legislation that made her